SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
10c
ALL NEW STORIES
MAR.
NO. 226
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
ACTION COMICS
Featuring
"THE INVULNERABLE ENEMY!"
EVEN SUPERMAN CAN'T STOP THE PETRIFIED SPACEMAN!

Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!

I just won **$100.** and this 15" tall Silver Trophy
I just won this **$1,000,000** Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can **Win** All These just as I did in **10** MINUTES **OF FUN A DAY!**

I GAINED 60 LBS. OF HANDSOME HARD-HITTING MUSCLES!

THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET FOR ALL 5 PICTURE PACKED COURSES **10¢** MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR $1 AND MORE

Which of these **2 ME'S is YOU ?**
that 125 lb.—6 ft. CHICKEN CHESTED **WEAKLING** BELOW WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

John Sill NOW

Yes! You still can win $100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes, if you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you. I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my champ movie-star build. My **mighty** ARMS. My **heroic** CHEST. My wide **manly** SHOULDERS. My POPULARITY with boys. The way GIRLS go for me—once so girl-shy. My new prowess in SPORTS. My new quickness in STUDIES. My double-energy at work.

John Sill before

JOHN SILL was a 125 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING LOOK at him NOW A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN from Head to Toe **as YOU can be soon!**

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY** any more. Just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did. Soon **YOU** can add **7** inches to your **CHEST** **3½** inches to EACH **ARM** and the rest in proportion as I did.

FREE

Come On, PAL NOW YOU give me

10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME and I'll give **YOU**

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

GEORGE F. JOWETT "Champion of Champions" 4 times Winner Perfect Man Contest

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

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2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. NC-73

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Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

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YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN WINNER—or my training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

After a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body I have devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

SUPERMAN

GREAT SCOTT! EVEN MY SUPER BREATH CAN'T BLOW OUT THAT GIANT'S BREATH OF FLAMES! HE'LL SET THE CITY ON FIRE!

FLYING... SUPER SPEED... X-RAY EYES... COLOSSAL STRENGTH! THESE AND OTHER INCREDIBLE SUPER POWERS ASSURE **SUPERMAN** OF VICTORY AGAINST ANY FOE... EXCEPT ONE! FOR THE FIRST TIME, YOU WILL FEAR FOR THE **MAN OF STEEL** WHEN HE IS PITTED AGAINST AN AMAZING ADVERSARY WHO HAS ALL OF THE **MAN OF STEEL'S** INVINCIBLE POWERS--AND **MORE!** HE IS--

THE INVULNERABLE ENEMY

JIMMY'S PAPERS MAGS

ACTION COMICS, No. 226, March, 1957 issue. Published monthly by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd and Dickey Streets, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial, Executive offices and Subscriptions, 480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER at the post office at Sparta, Ill. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $1.50 including postage. Foreign, $3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
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Printed in U.S.A.

NEAR METROPOLIS, ONE DAY, ARCHAEOLOGISTS UNCOVER ANCIENT RUINS OF MYSTERIOUS ORIGIN!

LOOK! A GIANT GLADIATOR! WHAT UNKNOWN CIVILIZATION SCULPTURED THIS STRANGE STATUE?

MY WORD! THIS ISN'T ORDINARY STONE! IT WAS ONCE ALIVE! IT'S A--A **PETRIFIED MAN!**

INCREDIBLE, PROFESSOR! WERE THERE MEN ON EARTH 10 FEET TALL AGES AGO?

THIS CLAY COVERS A HUGE, SMASHED **SPACESHIP!** A MAN FROM OUTER SPACE VISITED EARTH LONG AGO, CRASHED HERE, AND BECAME PETRIFIED!

WHEN THE SENSATIONAL NEWS REACHES BARNUM BOLTON, WELL-KNOWN SIDESHOW EXHIBITOR...

THIS WILL BEAT THE "LEOPARD MAN" OR ANY OTHER ATTRACTION I SHOWED BEFORE! I'LL PAY FOR PERMISSION TO EXHIBIT IT FOR A WEEK!

BUT... BUT WE WISH TO MAKE SCIENTIFIC STUDIES OF IT! YOU MIGHT CHIP OR DAMAGE IT!

OKAY, PROFESSOR! I'LL GET **SUPERMAN** TO GUARD IT! HE'LL HELP WHEN HE HEARS MY OFFER!

HMM... I'M LISTENING!

YES, SUPERMAN IS ALREADY WITHIN EARSHOT IN HIS SECRET GUISE OF REPORTER CLARK KENT, COVERING THE STORY FOR THE **DAILY PLANET...**

IF **SUPERMAN** HELPS ME, I'LL DONATE HALF MY PROCEEDS TO THE **DAILY PLANET** FRESH AIR FUND!

WELL, THAT MAKES IT WORTHWHILE FOR ME TO SHOW UP AND ACCEPT!

SOON, AFTER AN AGREEMENT HAS BEEN REACHED...

I'LL GUARD IT AGAINST DAMAGE, PROFESSOR!

BRING IT TO MY "PALACE OF EXHIBITS," SUPERMAN! WE'LL HAVE IT ON DISPLAY TONIGHT! IT'LL LURE THOUSANDS!

AMONG THOSE INTERESTED IS LUTHOR, RENEGADE SCIENTIST, WHOSE CRIMES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FOILED BY SUPERMAN...

THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE TO GET SUPERMAN. THIS BULLET WILL END HIS CAREER... FOREVER!

PLANET: SUPERMAN TO GUARD EXHIBIT OF PETRIFIED SPACEMAN

HOW CAN LUTHOR PUT FAITH IN ONE BULLET, WHEN THOUSANDS BEFORE HAVEN'T EFFECTED THE INVULNERABLE MAN OF STEEL?

AFTER YEARS OF EXPERIMENTATION WITH MY SUPER ATOM-SMASHER, I PRODUCED A SYNTHETIC ISOTOPE OF KRYPTONITE, THE RARE MINERAL THAT WEAKENS SUPERMAN!

THAT NIGHT, FROM A ROOF NEAR THE EXHIBIT HALL...

I HAVE A CLEAR SHOT THROUGH THAT WINDOW! HERE GOES MY KRYPTONITE BULLET!

BOOM

AND JUST AS BARNUM BOLTON OPENS HIS SHOW, DOOM SPEEDS TOWARD THE MAN OF STEEL GUARDING THE SPACE WONDER...

AND I GIVE YOU THE PETRIFIED SUPERMAN! HA, HA!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I GIVE YOU THE PETRIFIED SPACEMAN!

BUT FATE THWARTS LUTHOR AS...

HOORAY FOR SUPERMAN!

GUESS I HAVE TO TAKE A BOW! ER... WHAT DO I HEAR WHIZZING OVER ME?

SPLAT!

GREAT SCOTT! A GLOWING BULLET! COULD IT BE **KRYPTONITE?** LUCKILY, IT MISSED ME... (GULP!)... AND HIT THE STONE MAN!

WITH EYE-BLURRING SPEED **SUPERMAN** FOLLOWS UP THE SOUND OF THE SHOT...

BLAST IT! YOUR BOW RUINED MY PLAN! WHAT LUCK YOU HAVE, **SUPERMAN!**

WELL, WELL, MY OLD ENEMY... **LUTHOR!** I'LL TAKE YOU PERSONALLY TO JAIL, THEN RETURN TO THE EXHIBIT!

MEANTIME, AT THE EXHIBIT, AN AMAZING PHENOMENON OCCURS...

THE... THE STONE MAN **MOVED!** HE... HE **CAME TO LIFE!** (GULP!)

BARNUM BOLTON CAN HARDLY SUSPECT THE IRONIC TRUTH: THAT THE KRYPTONITE BULLET, WHICH WOULD HAVE AFFECTED **SUPERMAN**, HAS AROUSED LIFE FORCES LOCKED IN THE **PETRIFIED SPACEMAN!**

LOOK OUT!

HE'S SMASHING HIS WAY OUT!

HELP! RUN!

HOLY SMOKES! BULLETS ONLY GLANCE OFF!

IS HE GOING TO ROB THAT JEWELRY STORE?

BANG!

BANG!

NO, THE MARAUDER IGNORES PRECIOUS GEMS, AND INSTEAD...

HE SNATCHED UP A SACK AND IS PUTTING IN COMMON GLASS!!? WHY? WHY?

BUT, UNCANNILY, THE CREATURE-FROM-SPACE DISPLAYS THE AMAZING ABILITY OF IMITATING WHAT IT SEES!

HERE'S A FLAME THROWER FROM THE ARMORY NEARBY! THIS WILL STOP HIM!

LOOK OUT! HE'S BREATHING FIRE BACK AT US! RUN!

HAVING JAILED LUTHOR, SUPERMAN RETURNS TO FIND...

SUPERMAN! THE PETRIFIED SPACEMAN CAME TO LIFE! HE BREATHED FLAMES AND STARTED THAT FIRE!

MY SUPER BREATH WILL SNUFF OUT THE FIRE, THEN I'LL CHASE HIM DOWN!

MEANWHILE, THE BAFFLING "VANDALISM" CONTINUES...

HE'S SMASHING THE WINDSHIELDS OF THOSE PARKED CARS--!

PARK

WHAT PURPOSE CAN BITS OF SHATTERED GLASS SERVE FOR THE GIANT FROM SPACE?

NIGHT, AND A LIGHTNING STORM REVEALS THE SPACEMAN TO PURSUING **SUPERMAN!**

GREAT SCOTT! EVEN MY SUPER BREATH FAILS TO BLOW OUT HIS **FLAME BREATH!** BUT I'LL CAPTURE HIM NOW!

YOU'RE IN FOR A SHOCK, **SUPERMAN,** AS YOUR WEIRD FOE IMITATES ANOTHER FORCE OF NATURE!

HE'S HURLING LIGHTNING BOLTS, ONE MISSED ME AND STRUCK THAT TELEPHONE POLE! IT CAN CRASH DOWN ON THOSE CARS!

AS **SUPERMAN** MAKES REPAIRS, HIS QUARRY ESCAPES...

I PUSHED IT BACK UPRIGHT BEFORE THE HIGH-TENSION WIRES BROKE! NOW TO WELD IT WITH X-RAYS FROM MY EYES!

LITTLE DOES **SUPERMAN** SUSPECT WHAT HIS QUARRY WILL IMITATE NEXT AS HE SPIES A DRIVE-IN MOVIE!

YOUR HAND PASSES **THROUGH** ME, FOR I HAVE MADE MYSELF TRANSPARENT!

AND SOON, WHEN THE **MAN OF STEEL** ATTEMPTS TO SEIZE THE GIANT...

NOW TO GRAB HIM -- **GOOD GRIEF!** HE'S NOT SOLID... IT'S LIKE TRYING TO CATCH SMOKE!

HELPLESS, **SUPERMAN** WATCHES THE PHANTOM SPACEMAN ESCAPE IN DARKNESS!

LUCKILY, HE SEEMS TO BE LEAVING THE CITY. BUT IF HE RETURNS TOMORROW, HOW CAN I STOP HIM... WHEN HE CAN BECOME A PHANTOM AT WILL?...

METROPOLIS CITY LIMITS

NEXT MORNING AT THE **DAILY PLANET**, EDITOR PERRY WHITE ASSIGNS HIS TWO STAR REPORTERS TO THE MYSTERY...

WHY IS HE RAIDING THE CITY FOR MERE GLASS? GET THE ANSWER! HE'S DANGEROUS SO YOU STAY WITH LOIS LANE, CLARK!

THAT PUTS ME IN A SPOT... I CAN'T PATROL AS **SUPERMAN!**

LATER, AT THE CITY LIMITS, CLARK (**SUPERMAN**) KENT IS ON THE SPOT INDEED WHEN...

LOOK--! THE SPACE GIANT... RETURNING TO THE CITY!

CAN'T GET AWAY FROM LOIS TO CHANGE! AND EVEN THOUGH HE'S RESUMED SOLID FORM, I CAN'T CAPTURE HIM WITHOUT REVEALING MY SUPER POWERS!

I'LL PROTECT LOIS AND LET HIM ATTACK ME--HUH? WHY... ER... HE ONLY SNATCHED MY GLASSES!

HE... HE THREW THE FRAMES AWAY, AND IS ONLY SAVING THE LENSES!

HE--HE'S GOT ME! RUN FOR HELP, CLARK!

THIS IS MY CHANCE TO CHANGE NOW, BEHIND THAT BUSH!

BUT WHEN SUPERMAN APPEARS...

I... I'M UNHARMED, **SUPERMAN!** LOOK... HE ONLY TOOK THE GLASS CRYSTAL OF MY WRISTWATCH! HE REALLY DOESN'T MEAN TO HARM PEOPLE IN HIS QUEER SEARCH FOR GLASS!

NO, BUT HE OFTEN CREATES DANGER UNWITTINGLY WHEN HE SMASHES GLASS THINGS!

PURSUING, SUPERMAN TRIES TO OVERTAKE THE GIANT, BUT...

I'LL TRY TO SNEAK UP ON HIM AT HIGH SPEED--OOF! HE SPOTTED ME, AND BECAME INVISIBLE!

WHACK!

WHEN THE GIANT MATERIALIZES AGAIN, SUPERMAN GETS ANOTHER SHOCK...

OMIGOSH! NOW HE'S IMITATING MY X-RAY VISION WHICH HE SAW ME USE YESTERDAY!

AMS

GLASS

MY CAPE CAN STOP HIS X-RAYS BEFORE THE STATUE IS SHATTERED, SHOWERING PEOPLE WITH BROKEN GLASS!

WHICH SUPER POWER WILL THE SPACEMAN COPY NEXT? SUPERMAN FOLLOWS IN ANTICIPATION...

HE'S LOOKING UP AT THE SUN! OH-OH... I HAVE A HUNCH WHAT'S COMING NEXT... (GULP!)

HE MADE HIS HAND WHITE-HOT, IMITATING THE SUN! THE AIR IS SO HOT THAT WINDOWS MELT! BUT MY ARTIFICIAL "HURRICANE" WILL BLOW AWAY THE SUPER-HOT AIR FAR INTO THE SKY!

LATER, AS SUPERMAN

WHILE HE SEARCHES FOR BROKEN GLASS IN THAT JUNKHEAP, I'VE GOT TIME TO

I'VE GOT TO TRICK HIM INTO DEFEAT. THROUGH HIS AMAZIN IMITATIONS! I'LL BE READY AFTER I

THESE BOTTLES I'M THROWING FROM HIDING WILL FOOL HIM INTO THINKING GLASS!

POWER, TO GATHER GLASS! BUT HE'LL REALLY ATTRACT THIS BOMB

I CARRY OUT

REALLY SEEKING NOT GLASS, BUT SOMETHING ELSE

AFTER A HASTY TRIP TO THE NORTH ATLANTIC, THE **MAN OF STEEL** RETURNS TO THE BAY **ICEBERG!**

I HOPE I'M RIGHT... THAT HE WANTED **THIS** ALL THE TIME! **ICE!**

SUPERMAN IS RIGHT, FOR WHEN THE SPACEMAN COMES TO...

HE'S OVERJOYED! ICE SEEMS MORE VALUABLE TO HIM THAN ANYTHING ELSE!

"I AM FROM A DISTANT PLANET WHICH IS AN **ICE WORLD!** THERE, MY PEOPLE THRIVE IN A SUB-ZERO CLIMATE! LONG AGO, I EMBARKED INTO SPACE..."

I WILL EXPLORE OTHER WORLDS OF ICE! BUT I MUST AVOID ANY THAT ARE **HOT!**

SLOWLY, A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION COMES OVER THE SPACEMAN

HE TURNED FROSTY WHITE! AND I'M RECEIVING TELEPATHY RADIATIONS FROM HIS MIND!

THANKS, EARTHMAN! THIS IS MY **NATURAL** STATE, COOLED TO LOW TEMPERATURES! BEFORE MY BRAIN WAS STUPIFIED BY THE HEAT! BUT NOW LISTEN TO MY STORY!

"BY GREAT MISFORTUNE, I CRASHED ON YOUR EARTH, WHICH TO ME IS AN UNBEARABLE **FURNACE!**"

FRIGHTFUL HEAT... (GASP!)... MUST FIND ICE... BEFORE MY BODY STIFFENS!

BUT I FAILED TO FIND ICE! I...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED, EXCEPT THAT THE **HEAT** MUST'VE TURNED ME STIFF!

I SEE! IT'S THE EXACT OPPOSITE OF HOW EXTREME COLD MAKES EARTH PEOPLE **FREEZE STIFF!**

"...YOU ABSORBED ITS POWERFUL RAYS, WHICH SHOCKED YOU BACK TO LIFE!"

MY...MY HEART IS BEATING AGAIN! I FEEL LIFE SURGING BACK...I CAN MOVE!

WHEN WE DUG YOU UP, YOU WERE "PETRIFIED" FROM HEAT! BUT YOU WERE IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION! THEN, WHEN LUTHOR'S KRYPTONITE BULLET STRUCK YOU...

BUT I STILL NEEDED ICE TO LIVE! MY CONFUSED MIND MISTOOK THIS GLASS FOR ICE! I'M SORRY I CAUSED ANY DAMAGE!

YOU MEANT NO HARM IN YOUR BLUNDERING!

WHO CAN BLAME YOU? YOU WERE DESPERATELY TRYING TO STAY ALIVE.

I CANNOT REMAIN ON YOUR WORLD... BUT MY SPACESHIP IS WRECKED!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT! FIRST, TO CONVERT THIS ICEBERG INTO BLOCKS!

INGENIOUSLY, THE **MAN OF STEEL** USES THE ICE BLOCKS TO BUILD A VEHICLE...

HOW'S THIS FOR AN **ICE SPACESHIP?** IT WON'T MELT ON YOUR TRIP HOME!

AT LAST, I'M HOMEWARD BOUND, A BRIGHT YELLOW PLANET--ER--BUT THIS SHIP HAS NO ROCKET MOTOR!

IT WON'T NEED A MOTOR--

I'LL JUST **HURL** IT! I CAN SEE YOUR PLANET WITH MY TELESCOPIC VISION!

THANKS, EARTHMAN!... GOODBYE!

LATER, WHEN CLARK (**SUPERMAN**) KENT IS BACK AT HIS OFFICE...

CLARK! WHEN THE SPACE GIANT CAUGHT ME, **YOU** RAN FOR HELP AND **SUPERMAN** SHOWED UP! WHY DIDN'T **YOU** RETURN?

(GULP!) HOW CAN I COVER THAT UP? HMM... HOPE THIS WORKS!

I'LL EXPLAIN IN A MOMENT, LOIS, AFTER I--ER--CALL MY OPTOMETRIST! HE'S MAKING NEW GLASSES FOR ME! **HELLO? HELLO?**

CLARK, THAT'S **NOT** THE PHONE YOU PICKED UP! YOU CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT YOUR GLASSES YOU PROBABLY GOT **LOST** BEFORE! HA-HA!

WITH THAT DANGER AVERTED, CLARK NEEDS NO GLASSES TO SEND HIS TELESCOPIC VISION FAR ACROSS SPACE...

AH! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY IT IS HERE ON THE **ICE WORLD!** A PERFECT 150 DEGREES BELOW ZERO!

HE CAN HAVE IT! I'M GLAD THE SPACE GIANT ARRIVED HOME SAFELY!

THE END

COMPLETE ARCHERY SET

NEW ENGINE-POWERED FLYING PLATFORM

TRANSISTOR RADIO

POOL TABLE

BOYS GIRLS

Get these PRIZES

It's Quick and Easy

FLASHMASTER CAMERA & OUTFIT

CUCKOO CLOCK

WRIST WATCH FOR BOYS & GIRLS

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Address_____

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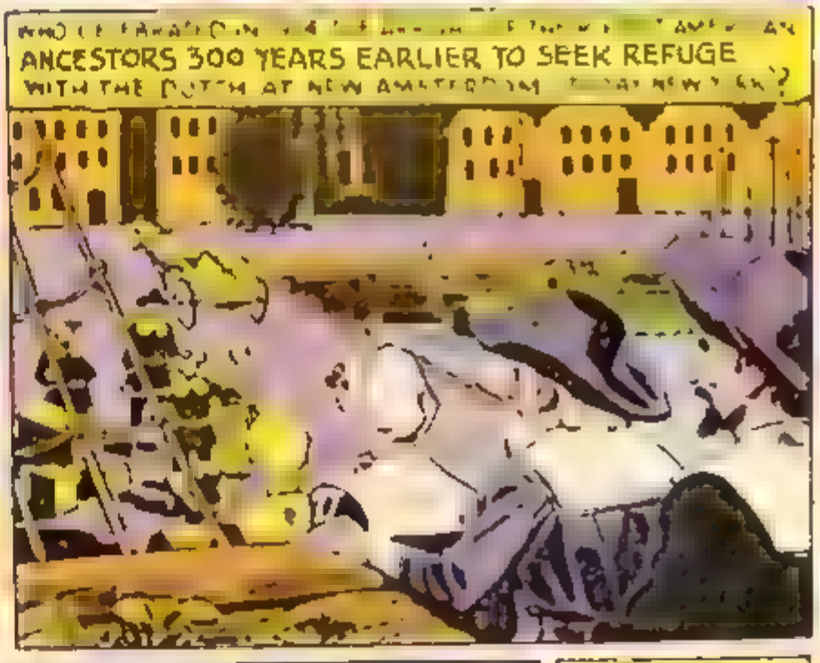
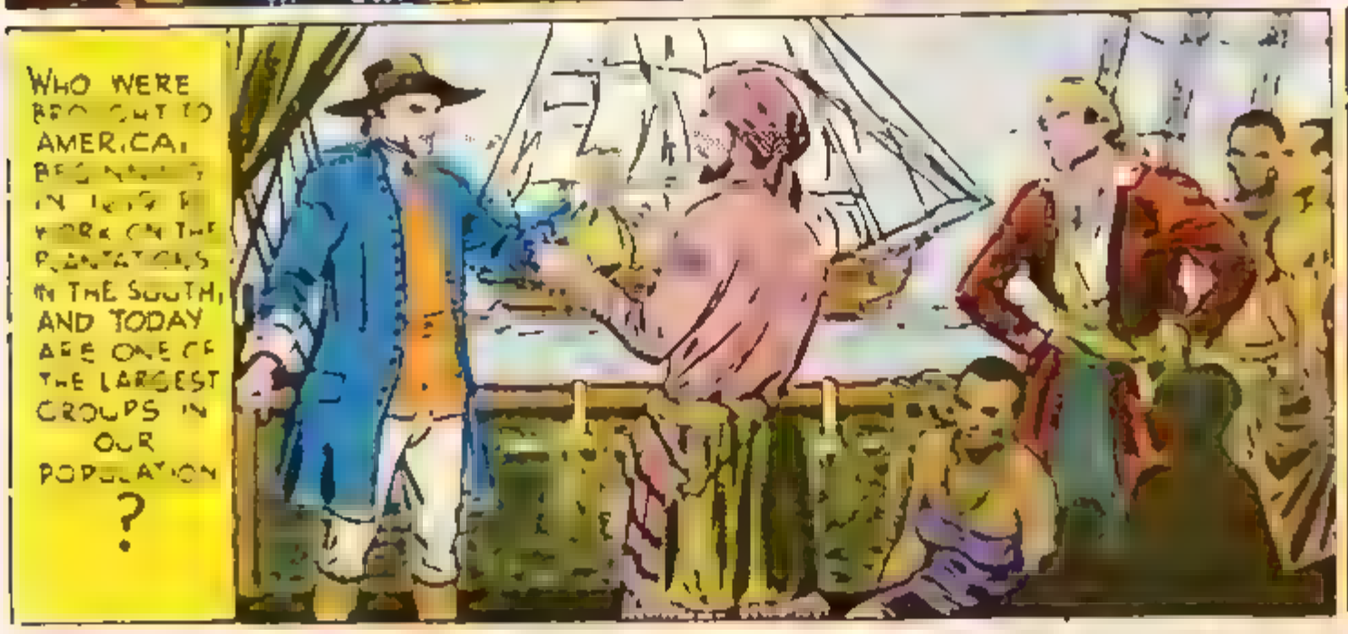
(FEB. 17 – 24)

Do You Know The People of Your Country?

ANSWERS IN LAST PANEL





The ANSWERS. READ UP SIDE DOWN

5. THE NEGROES
4. THE JEWS
3. THE CHINESE
2. THE INDIAN
1. THE PILGRIMS

PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE ASSEMBLY, COORDINATING ORGANIZATION FOR NATIONAL HEALTH, WELFARE AND RECREATION AGENCIES OF THE U S

CONGO BILL with JANU the Jungle Boy

FOR YEARS, JUNGLE FOLK HAVE PRAISED THE EXPLOITS OF THAT INSEPARABLE PAIR, CONGO BILL AND JANU! BUT WHEN A FEVER SUDDENLY STRIKES DOWN THE ACE ADVENTURER, JANU TEAMS UP WITH ANOTHER PARTNER--AND EVEN WHEN CONGO BILL RECOVERS, HE FINDS THAT JANU STILL SEEMS TO PREFER WORKING WITH...

JUNGLE JOE, KING OF THE WILDS

GULP! JANU SEEMS TO GET ALONG EVEN BETTER WITH JUNGLE JOE THAN HE DID WITH ME!

ONE MORNING, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE STEAMING JUNGLE...

OH! WHAT A TIME TO CATCH JUNGLE FEVER... JUST WHEN WE WERE GETTING CLOSE TO THOSE JUNGLE RAIDERS!

NO WORRY, CONGO BILL-- DOCTOR BE HERE SOON!

A SHORT WHILE LATER

YOU MUST BE DOCTOR SENT FROM OUTPOST!

YES--AND THIS IS JUNGLE JOE, WHO TELLS ME HE'S BEEN SENT HERE BY THE JUNGLE POLICE, TO TAKE THE PLACE OF CONGO BILL WHILE HE'S ILL!

THAT'S RIGHT, JANU.. THE CAPTAIN SUGGESTED THAT SINCE YOU'VE BEEN ON THE RAIDERS CASE, YOU SHOULD WORK WITH ME!

NEVER MIND! JUST FIX ME UP SO I CAN GET BACK TO WORK!

THEY MAKE A NICE TEAM!

BUT WEEKS LATER, AFTER CONGO BILL HAS RECOVERED AND CATCHES UP WITH HIS YOUNG JUNGLE PAL....

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, JUNGLE JOE... I'M OKAY NOW, AND FIT TO TAKE OVER!

ER--WAIT, CONGO BILL... THE CAPTAIN SEND WORD TO JUNGLE JOE THAT HE SHOULD FINISH UP CASE! THAT... UH... GIVE YOU CHANCE TO TAKE LONG REST!

AND AS THE NEW PARTNERS MOVE ON

HMPH--JANU SEEMS TO PREFER WORKING WITH THAT OVER-GROWN JUNGLE BOY! THE NERVE OF HIM TELLING ME TO TAKE A GOOD REST!

HE MUST THINK I'VE STILL GOT THE FEVER, OR SOMETHING! WELL-- I'LL CONTINUE ON THE CASE BY MYSELF!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD..

MMM... SOMEONE'S DISTURBING THOSE EGRETS UP AHEAD-- MAYBE THE RAIDERS I'M AFTER! I'D LIKE TO NAB THEM SINGLE-HANDED.. I'D TEACH JANU A GOOD LESSON!

BUT AS CONGO BILL MOVES AHEAD THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE

OH OH. TOO MANY CROCODILES IN THERE TO TAKE A CHANCE WADING ACROSS!

AT THAT MOMENT, HE HEARS A FAMILIAR VOICE..

WE NEVER GET PAST THOSE CROCS, JUNGLE JOE!

OF COURSE WE WILL! WE'LL BEND THESE SAPLINGS DOWN-- AND CATAPULT OURSELVES ACROSS!

BUT THESE SAPLINGS TOO THICK TO BEND BY HAND!

NOT IF YOU DO EXACTLY AS I SAY, JANU! WRAP YOUR LEGS AROUND A BOULDER, AS I'M DOING!

GET IT?... THE EXTRA WEIGHT IS MAKING THE SAPLING BEND! NOW LIFT THE BOULDER OFF THE GROUND...

LIKE THIS? WHAT WE DO NEXT?

ABRUPTLY, AS JUNGLE JOE SHOUTS AN ORDER

THAT'S IT, JANU-- BY LETTING GO THE ROCKS, THE SAPLINGS STRAIGHTENED, CATAPULTING US TOWARD THOSE TREES ON THE OTHER BANK!

WE'RE ACROSS!

LEAPING LIONS! YOU REALLY GREAT, JUNGLE JOE!

WHAT WAS SO GREAT ABOUT THAT? I'LL GET ACROSS THE RIVER IN THAT ABANDONED NATIVE BOAT, WITHOUT BEING SUCH A SHOW-OFF!

IN THE HOURS THAT FOLLOW, CONGO BILL SPOTS HIS RIVAL AND FORMER PAL AGAIN AND AGAIN...

YOU PLENTY EXPERIENCED, JUNGLE JOE! ONLY MASAI NATIVES KNOW TRICK OF HOLDING LION BY TAIL!

I NEVER SEE ANYONE THROW SPEAR LIKE THAT, JUNGLE JOE!

YOU BEST TRACKER IN JUNGLE I EVER SEE!

I'LL SHOW JANU THAT I'M AS GOOD AS I EVER WAS!

THEN, AS THE ADVENTURER RESUMES TRACKING...

SAY, CONGO BILL--THERE ARE BABOON SCRATCH MARKS ON THESE TREES! MAKE SURE YOU KEEP **UPWIND** OF THEM!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL THAT TO **ME!** THIS ISN'T MY FIRST DAY IN THE JUNGLE, YOU KNOW!

BUT AS HE DOGGEDLY KEEPS ON...

WHY... I--I'VE ATTRACTED A WHOLE FAMILY OF BABOONS! BUT... I WAS SURE I WAS UPWIND OF THEM! M-MAYBE I **AM** LOSING MY JUNGLE SAVVY!

SUDDENLY...

LOOK HERE--I CAN'T WASTE MY TIME RESCUING YOU!

NOW, WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR BY GETTING OUT OF THE JUNGLE AND STOP WASTING OUR TIME?

PLEASE DO AS HE SAY, CONGO BILL! JUNGLE JOE AND I TAKE CARE OF THOSE RAIDERS!

M-MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT... I--I'LL GO!

BUT AS THE SAD JUNGLE MAN STARTS OFF...

:SOB: IT BREAK MY HEART TO TRICK CONGO BILL INTO THINKING HE WASHED UP!

CHEER UP, JANU-IT'S FOR HIS OWN GOOD! THE DOCTOR TOLD ME THE FEVER HAD GIVEN HIM A WEAK HEART--AND HE'D DIE IF HE STAYED IN THE JUNGLE!

INDEED, WHEN A FRESH DANGER ARISES, MINUTES LATER..

RHINO CHARGING ME!

BANG

WHAT--? I MISSED! I--I GUESS JANU IS RIGHT... I **HAVE** LOST MY JUNGLE SAVVY!

WAIT A MINUTE! THOSE BIRDS IN THAT BUSH... MY SHOT WOULDN'T HAVE FRIGHTENED THEM, BECAUSE THEY'RE USED TO HUNTERS--BUT A BULLET RIPPING THROUGH THE LEAVES **SHOULD** HAVE MADE THEM FLY OFF! WHY DIDN'T THEY?

NEXT MOMENT, CONGO BILL MAKES AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY...

HMM... THE SHELLS IN MY RIFLE ARE BLANKS! THAT MEANS SOMEONE'S DELIBERATELY BEEN TRYING TO MAKE ME LOOK BAD!

MEANWHILE...

CONGO BILL GONE FROM JUNGLE, AND I MISS HIM! LISTEN, JUNGLE JOE, MAYBE HE **NOT** GOT WEAK HEART! MAYBE DOCTOR MAKE MISTAKE!

HA, HA-- YOU LITTLE FOOL! I LIED TO YOU ABOUT WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID-- SO YOU WOULD HELP ME TRICK CONGO BILL INTO LEAVING THE JUNGLE!

YOU? B-BUT **WHY?**

BECAUSE **I'M** THE LEADER OF THE RAIDERS YOU WERE AFTER! I DIDN'T DARE ATTACK HIM IN THE OPEN, BECAUSE I'D HAVE HAD THE WHOLE JUNGLE POLICE ON MY TAIL!

NOW, WE'LL BE FREE TO DO OUR RAIDING WITHOUT ANY INTERFERENCE FROM CONGO BILL!

EXACTLY... AFTER I'VE MADE SURE THAT YOU NEVER SPILL THE BEANS, JUNGLE BOY!

BUT AT THAT INSTANT...

CONGO BILL! HE COME BACK!

RIGHT--AND I'M NOT SO BAD ON THESE JUNGLE VINES MYSELF!

I'LL FIX YOU!

CONGO BILL SURE NOT FIGHT LIKE A SICK MAN!

WITHIN SECONDS...

NO, NO--DON'T HIT ME! WE GIVE UP!

I KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOU DID!

WE KNEW YOU WERE WATCHING--SO WE PUT ON ACT TO FOOL YOU, CONGO BILL!

YES, I SUSPECTED AS MUCH, AFTER I DISCOVERED THAT SOMEONE HAD SLIPPED BLANKS INTO MY RIFLE! SO I DID SOME INVESTIGATING...

"I WENT BACK TO WHERE THE BABOONS WERE, AND..."

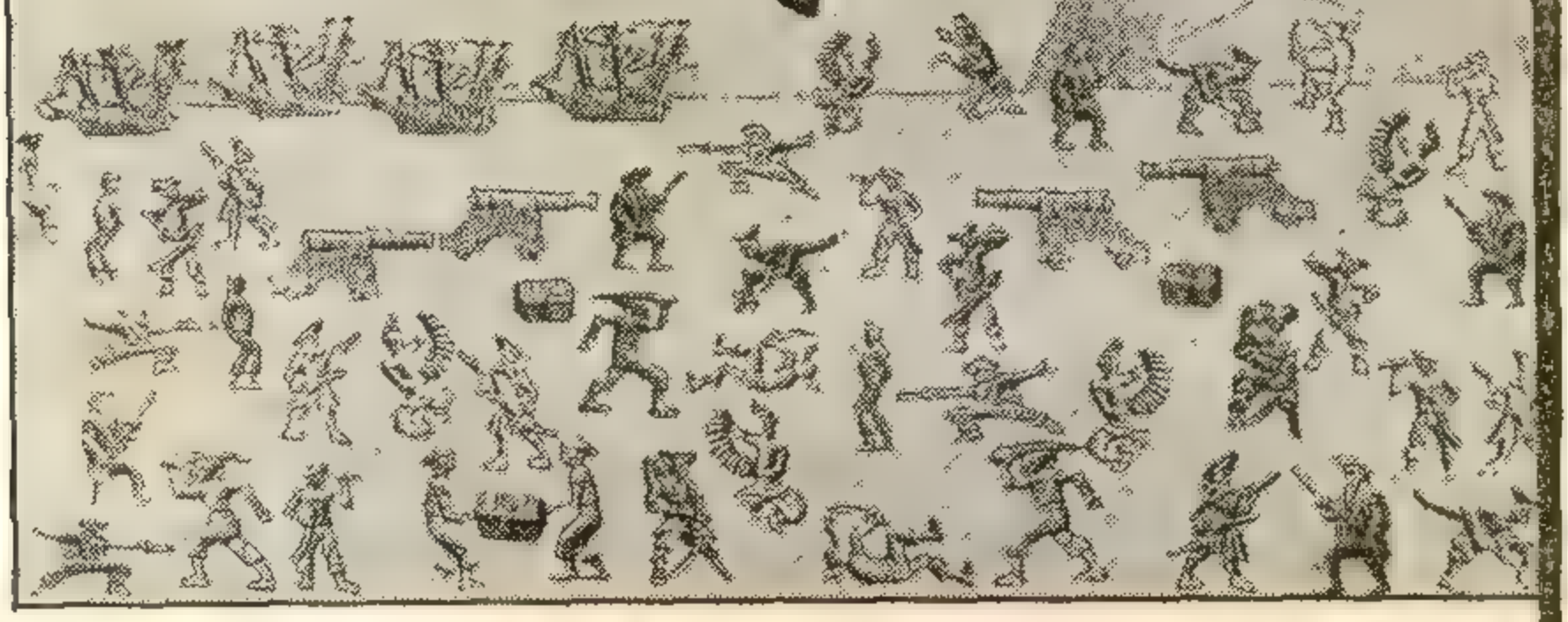
APPLES STREWN ALL OVER THE GROUND! BUT APPLES DON'T GROW IN THIS AREA--WHICH MEANS THEY WERE BROUGHT HERE FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF ATTRACTING BABOONS, WHICH LOVE THE FRUIT!

YES, CONGO BILL--IT WAS ALL A TRICK TO MAKE YOU LEAVE THE JUNGLE! HE TOLD ME IT WAS BECAUSE YOU HAD A WEAK HEART!

WELL... ONE OF US IS GOING TO LEAVE THE JUNGLE--BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO BE ME!

THE END

100 Toy pirates $1.25



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LONG JOHN SILVER & CAPTAIN KIDD

PLUS A FLEET OF 4 PIRATE SHIPS

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- 4 GOLDBRICKERS
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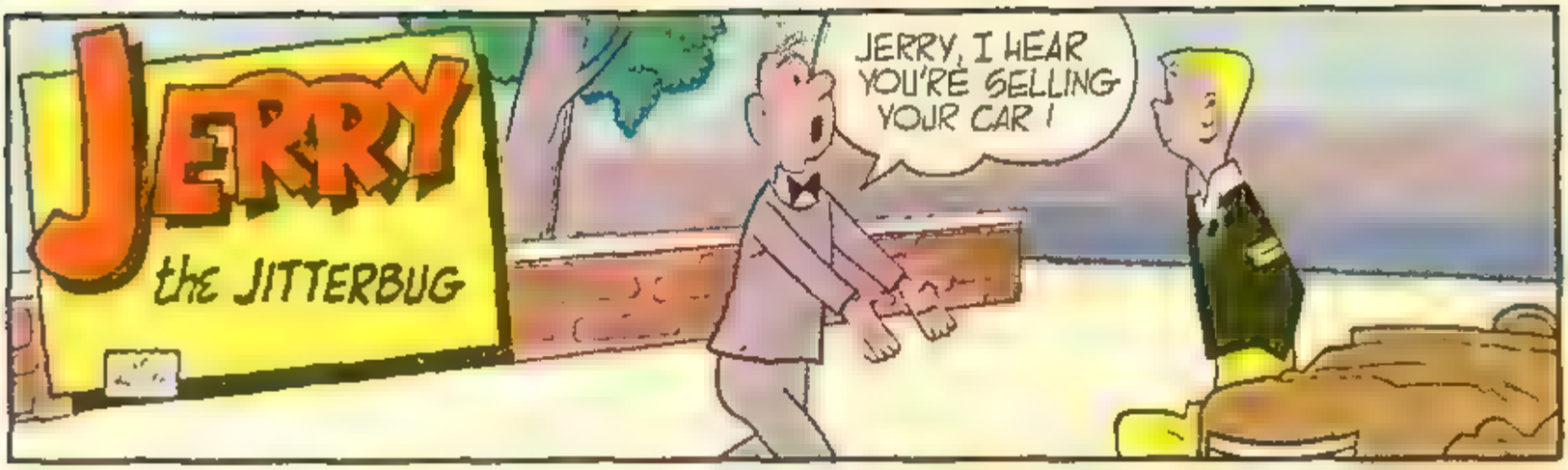

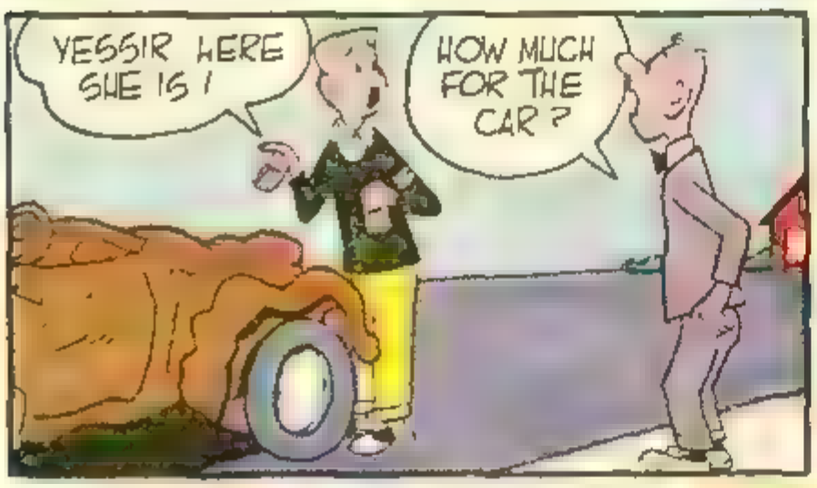

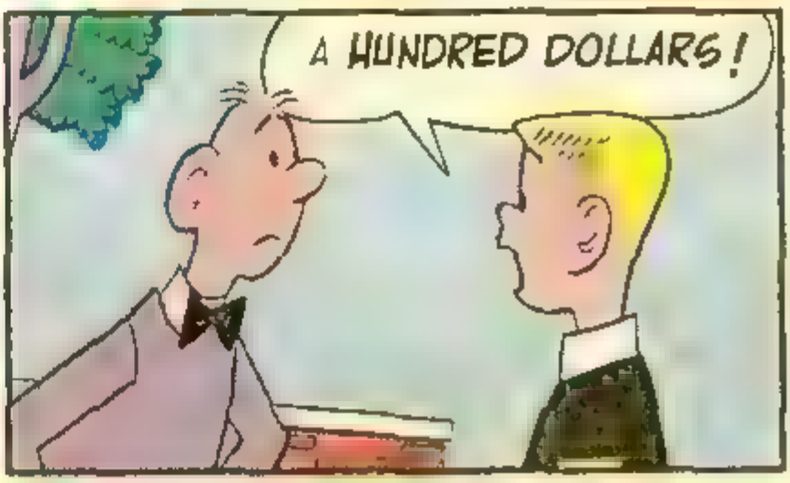

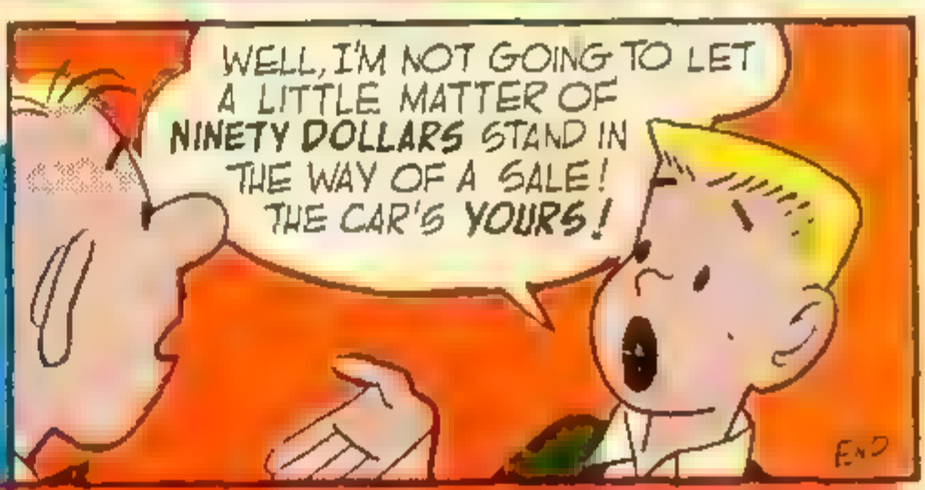

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Neptune No. 7)

NLAAPUN AV RUVD WLV-WSL PZ MBU. AOL TVYL DL BLHYU HIVBA VAOLYZ, AOL TVYL DL NLA AV BUKLY-ZAHUK VBYZLSCLZ.

SUPERMAN, MARCH

c/o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME . . . . . .

STREET ADDRESS. . . . . .

CITY. . . . . ZONE. . . . . STATE . . . . . .

DANGER ON THE HIGH-LINE

330,000 Deadly Volts of Electricity Threatened Him as He Dangled By His Parachute. How Could Spectators Rescue Him?

THE pilot, flying a private plane, heard his single engine splutter, then go dead. Unwilling to risk a crash landing, he glanced at his parachute, then leaped.

The 'chute unfurled and he breathed easier as he gently neared the ground. But then something happened. A sudden wind, heralding a coming storm blew up, grabbed hold of his 'chute, and headed him straight toward a high-tension line tower.

The pilot knew exactly what would happen to him if his body touched one of the wires through which coursed 330,000 volts of electricity. And as his body swept close to the tower, he involuntarily shut his eyes.

Next instant, he was jarred to a sudden stop. It took him another moment before he dared to open his eyes. When he did, he let out a sigh of relief. His parachute, not his body, had become entangled in the porcelain insulators on which the high-tension wires rested.

He was safe!

But was he? You'd have to know something about the high-line to know the danger he still faced.

Let me try to explain. The 330,000 volts of electricity racing through the high-tension lines have been compared to a raging beast that is trying to get out of its cage.

Believe me, that's no exaggeration. The electricity is always trying to leap off that wire to get at anything that would lead it into the ground. It even wants to jump at the steel tower that supports it.

That's why no person in his right mind would ever dream of climbing up one of those towers. If he tried, the first thing he'd feel would be a strange sensation in his skin. And as the electricity began jumping toward him, his hair would stand on end. When it finally got to him, he'd be dead.

The steel tower doesn't look like much, but it's really a remarkable and complicated affair.

The insulators that the high-tension wires hang on are nearly three yards long. They have to be that long, for that's how far the wire must be from the steel of the tower to prevent the electricity from reaching it

And that's how far the pilot was from both the wires and the tower!

He could feel the sensation from where he was hanging at the end of his entangled 'chute. If he got no closer, well and good. But he knew that he'd better get no closer! All he had to figure out was a way of getting down!

But, if you'll remember, it was a high wind that had gotten him into trouble in the first place. It was the same high wind now that threatened to blow his body into the high-tension wire that would end his life.

A number of motorists driving had spotted his plight, and a small group of them had gathered. One had driven his car under his swaying body, had mounted the roof of his car and tried to reach him. But he was still a good five feet short of the trapped pilot's dangling legs.

I spotted the group as I was driving my trailer truck. I soon joined the group.

By this time, the pilot's hazard had increased. The wind was blowing harder, and every time his body swayed, it came closer to the tower, and the high-tension wire.

"You wouldn't happen to have a ladder in that truck of yours, would you?" someone asked me.

"No," I said, "but my truck is certainly high enough for me to stand on top of it to reach him and cut him down!"

There was a chorus of cheers as I raced back to the truck.

But when I started to drive across the open field, the front wheels began to sink into the soft earth.

I walked back to the group. "It won't work," I said. "I'm carrying too heavy a load—big machines. We couldn't even unload the stuff!"

A heavy gust of wind that blew the hat off a man's head made us look up. A gasp went up from the crowd as the pilot's body swayed dangerously close to the tower.

Suddenly, I remembered something—a long, iron bar which I kept in the truck for jacking purposes and which could be used to pry the pilot loose. I went and got it.

But the instant I raised it toward the entangled 'chute, I felt the crackling sensation in my hands. Hastily, I lowered the bar.

"This won't work either," I said. "It's attracting the electricity right off the wires. If I lifted it up any higher, we'd all be electrocuted."

Meanwhile, the pilot was beginning to show signs of panic. Up to now, he had tried to keep his body as still as possible against the high wind. Now he had begun struggling, trying to free himself from his 'chute.

"We'd better get him down soon or he'll get too close to that steel tower and kill himself!" warned one of the group.

The winds were stronger, and black clouds had suddenly appeared. And while I wracked my brain for an answer, there was a wild flash of lightning.

On the open field, it was possible to trace the course of that lightning flash as it came streaking out of the sky. It smashed into the high-line about a mile away.

There was a loud crackling sound at the moment the bolt hit.

And that's when I sprang into action! I lifted the iron bar again and went to work on the 'chute. In seconds I had him free, and he came tumbling down to safety.

To the mingled cries of "What happened?" I explained: "I just remembered. The moment a bolt strikes a high-wire, switches back at the electric plant automatically cut the current from the line. And it stays off for a few seconds while the lightning's effect wears off."

—Jack Mason

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF ACTION COMICS, published Monthly at Sparta, Illinois for October 1, 1956.

1. The names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1956.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public
(Commission expires March 30, 1958.)

Tommy TOMORROW

SOMEWHERE IN THESE SPACE BILLBOARDS LIES THE KEY TO MY CRIME CASE!

EAT at the ASTEROID INN
Food from NINE PLANETS
TURN RIGHT 1,000,000 MILES

JUST AS LURID BILLBOARDS LINE EARTH'S HIGHWAYS IN 1957, SO WILL THE INTER-PLANETARY TRAFFIC LANES OF 2057 BLAZE WITH AMAZING **SPACE ADS!** AND TO CRACK A CRIME MYSTERY OF THE FUTURE, TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS MUST FIRST SOLVE...

THE SECRET OF THE SPACE SIGNS

IN THE YEAR 2057, A SPACE ARTIST OF THE FUTURE CREATES GIANT **SPACE BILLBOARDS** WHERE INTERPLANETARY TRAFFIC IS HEAVY!

THIS **RADIUM SPRAY** ON THAT FLAT-SIDED METEOR WILL GLOW FOR A THOUSAND YEARS!

SPACE SERVICE STATION
ROCKET REPAIRS
ATOMIC FUEL
STOP AT TH

BUT SUDDENLY THERE'S AN INTERRUPTION BY SPACE BANDITS!

THAT SIGN ARTIST WILL HELP US WITH CRIME! HA, HA! FIRE A WARNING SHOT, THEN WE BOARD HIS SHIP!

"DARK" STARR, BANDIT CHIEF, BEGINS A STRANGE PLAN...

NOW FINISH YOUR SIGN WITH THE WORDS, "GREEN ASTEROID"!

BUT... BUT THAT'S THE WRONG PLACE! IT'S SUPPOSED TO READ, "STOP AT PLANETOID 497A!"

NO, IT'S THE RIGHT PLACE, MISTER... FOR US!

CARGO SHIPS WILL BE MISLED TO THE GREEN ASTEROID, WHICH IS OUR HIDEOUT! GET IT?

SPACE SERVICE STATION
ROCKET REPAIRS
ATOMIC FUEL
STOP AT THE
GREEN ASTEROID

NOW TO SET YOUR SHIP ADRIFT IN SPACE! AND THIS DEEP FREEZE MIST WILL PUT YOU IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION FOR DAYS! YOU WON'T BLAB OUR SCHEME TO THE PLANETEERS!

LATER, AN UNSUSPECTING CARGO SHIP FOLLOWS THE FALSE METEOR SIGN...

WE'LL REFUEL HERE AT THE GREEN ASTEROID!

VICTIM NUMBER ONE, RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS! HA, HA! WE PUT UP THIS FAKE SERVICE STATION AND SIGN!

SPACE SERVICE STATION

AND VALUABLE CARGO FALLS PREY TO THE BANDITS!

WE'LL ROB MANY MORE SHIPS! AND THERE'S NO CLUE TO LEAD THE PLANETEERS HERE!

JUPITER JEWEL MINES

MEANWHILE, CRUISING SPACE, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW AND HIS CO-PILOT, CAPTAIN BRENT WOOD, BOARD THE DERELICT SIGN ARTIST'S SHIP...

POOR FELLOW'S FROZEN--BUT STILL ALIVE IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION!

LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF CROOKS! BUT WHY DID THEY PUT HIM OUT OF BUSINESS?

HMM... MAYBE THE CROOKS PLANNED CRIME IN DARK CORNERS OF SPACE THAT WOULD BE BRILLIANTLY LIT UP BY THESE SIGNS CUSTOMERS ORDERED FROM AL TODD!

I MAY RUN INTO THE CROOKS IF I CARRY ON HIS JOB! YOU RUSH HIM TO THE HOSPITAL IN OUR SHIP, BRENT! RADIO ME IF HE REVIVES AND TELLS YOU ANY CLUE TO THE CRIMINALS!

I CAN'T MOVE... ONLY THINK! I HOPE THE PLANETEERS FIND THE CLUE I LEFT... IN MY SIGN!

FOLLOWING THE LIST OF ORDERS, TOMMY GOES TO WORK CONSTRUCTING THE AMAZING SPACE BILLBOARDS!

GUIDED BY ELECTRONIC IMPULSES, THAT SUPER BUZZ SAW WILL CUT AND SHAPE THIS FLOCK OF METEORS INTO GIANT LETTERS!

PRESENTLY, THE SIGN FINISHED, TOMMY ROCKETS AWAY INTO SPACE..

SPACE MOTEL
LAST STOP
BEFORE MARS
ALWAYS A VACANCY

THAT SPEEDING "METEOR MESSAGE" WILL PASS THOUSANDS OF SHIPS! NOW FOR THE NEXT SPACE SIGN, ORDERED FROM AL TODD BY ANOTHER ADVERTISER!

LATER, SKIMMING OVER A SMALL UNINHABITED SATELLITE ..

THAT HUGE BRUSH IS DRAWING A STRIPE OF INDELIBLE INK! TO PAINT THE MESSAGE, I'LL HAVE TO TWIST AND TURN FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES!

THE FINAL RESULT IS AN AMAZING SPACE CARTOON..

FOLKS! TAKE YOUR VACATION ON VENUS!

IT'S THE "WONDER-LAND WORLD!"

I INKED IN THE DIALOGUE BALLOONS FOR THOSE TWO NATURAL FACES OF THE "MAN AND WOMAN IN THE MOON"! GUESS YOU MIGHT CALL THAT ONE A "SPACE COMIC STRIP!"

MEANWHILE, PLANETEER BRENT HOD RADIOS FROM THE MOON TRIBUNE...

CALLING TOMMY TOMORROW! THE DOCTORS MAY NOT REVIVE AL TODD FOR DAYS! HE CAN'T TELL US WHAT RACKET THE SPACE CROOKS ARE PULLING!

IF ONLY TOMMY TOMORROW KNOWS MY SPACE SIGN CLUE...!

ALL THE WHILE, THE FALSE RADIUM SUN BRINGS MORE BOOTY TO **DARK STARR**, SPACE CRIMINAL...

THE TUSKS OF MERCURY'S MAMMOTHS ARE MADE OF SOLID **DIAMOND** INSTEAD OF IVORY! WHAT A HAUL! HA, HA!

THE SPACE RADIO NEWS REPORTS TO TOMMY...

CARGO SHIPS REPORTED MISSING FEARED LOOTED BY **DARK STARR** AT SECRET HIDE-OUT...

BUT WHY DID **DARK STARR** VICTIMIZE AL TODD WHO CARRIED NO LOOT? WHAT'S THE ANSWER TO THIS RIDDLE?

BAFFLED, TOMMY CAN ONLY CONTINUE WITH THE SPECTACULAR SPACE ADS...

SATURN'S RINGS ARE COMPOSED OF METEORIC DUST! THIS **SUPER VACUUM** WILL CUT GAPS TO FORM GIANT LETTERS!

FINALLY...

FROM A DISTANCE, THE RINGS LOOK SOLID, SO THE CUT-OUT MESSAGE STANDS FORTH CLEARLY!

NEXT, AFTER LANDING AT A NEW SPACE PLATFORM...

WOW! THIS SENSATIONAL VIEW THROUGH TELESCOPES WILL BRING CROWDS FLOCKING, WHEN IT OPENS FOR BUSINESS SOON!

MIDPOINT OF SOLAR SYSTEM

THIS "RAINBOW" SMOKE WILL MAKE **PERMANENT** SKY-WRITING HERE, AS THERE'S NO WIND IN SPACE TO BLOW IT AWAY!

See Six Different Planets at Price once! only

BUT WHEN TOMMY'S NEXT SIGN CALLS FOR USING **RADIUM SPRAY**...

"HMM... ODD THAT THE SCARLET SPRAY IS USED UP ALREADY! DID AL TODD USE IT BEFORE BY MISTAKE? I'LL CHECK THE SIGNS HE PREVIOUSLY MADE!

RADIUM SPRAY
YELLOW GREEN SCARLET
FULL
EMPTY

WHEN TOMMY REACHES THE METEOR BILLBOARD...

GREAT STARS! AL TODD LEFT ME A CLEVER CLUE HERE... THAT THE BANDIT HIDEOUT IS ON THE **GREEN ASTEROID!**

SERVICE STATION
ROCKET REPAIRS
ATOMIC FUEL
STOP AT THE
GREEN ASTEROID

CAN YOU GUESS WHAT CLUE TOMMY MEANS? LATER, AT THE GREEN ASTEROID...

AHOY, **DARK STARR!** SURRENDER TO THE PLANETEERS!

THE FOOL IS ALONE! COME ON, MEN-- WE'VE GOT HIM OUTNUMBERED!

SERVICE

BUT OUT OF NOWHERE...

HAVE YOU? LOOK WHAT'S COMING!

PLANETEERS

GREAT NEBULA! A PLANETEER SHIP.. (GULP!)... OPEN FIRE, MEN!

SE

HEY... IT'S ONLY A METEOR, NOT A SHIP!

FOOLED YOU, EH? BEFORE I LANDED, I SAW THAT METEOR COMING THIS WAY! I SHAPED IT LIKE A SHIP AND PAINTED THOSE WORDS WITH THE SPACE SIGN ARTIST'S DEVICES!

ATOM GAS

PLANET

PARTS SERVICE

AFTER SHOOTING AT THE FAKE SH.P, YOUR GUNS ARE EMPTY NOW!

WE... WE SURRENDER! BUT HOW DID YOU TRACK US? AL TODD COULDN'T REVIVE AND TALK!

TOMMY ANSWERS LATER, IN SPACE WITH HIS PRISONERS...

AL TODD DID "TALK"... WITH HIS SIGN! IT WAS ORIGINALLY SUPPOSED TO SEND SHIPS TO THIS REAL SERVICE STATION, ON THE **RED ASTEROID!**

SPACE

TODD

BY USING **RED** PAINT FOR "**GREEN** ASTEROID", AL TODD CLEVERLY TIPPED ME OFF THAT THE WORDING HAD BEEN ALTERED, LEADING TO YOUR HIDEOUT!

SPACE SERVICE STATION ROCKET REPAIRS ATOMIC FUEL STOP AT THE GREEN ASTEROID

LATER...

BLAST IT! THE SPACE SIGN ARTIST GOT US CAPTURED!

HE ALSO PAINTED THAT SIGN, POINTING THE WAY TO JAIL FOR YOU!

SPACE ALCATRAZ 1,000,000 MILES

6

FINALLY, WHEN TOMMY AND BRENT RELAX AT HOME...

AL TODD'S BACK ON THE JOB, AND LOOK, TOMMY! USING A FLAME RAY ON THAT SPACE ICEBERG, HE'S MAKING SPECIAL "ADVERTISING" OF HIS OWN!

HATS OFF TO TOMMY TOMORROW ACE OF PLANETEERS

THE END

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Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35c each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25c for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

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IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP $3.00

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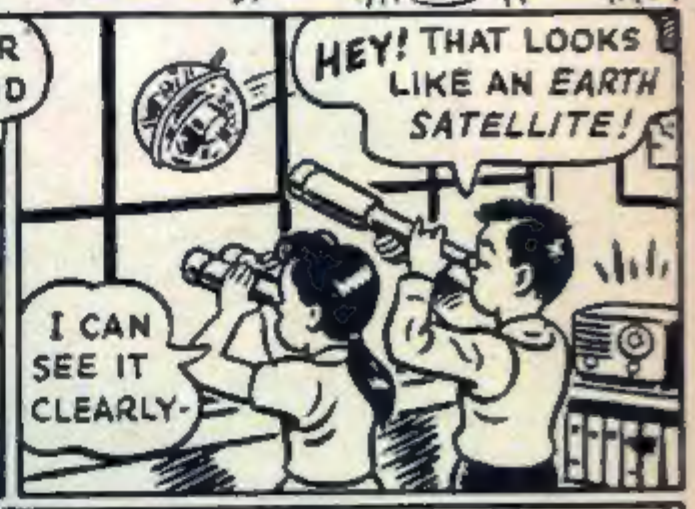

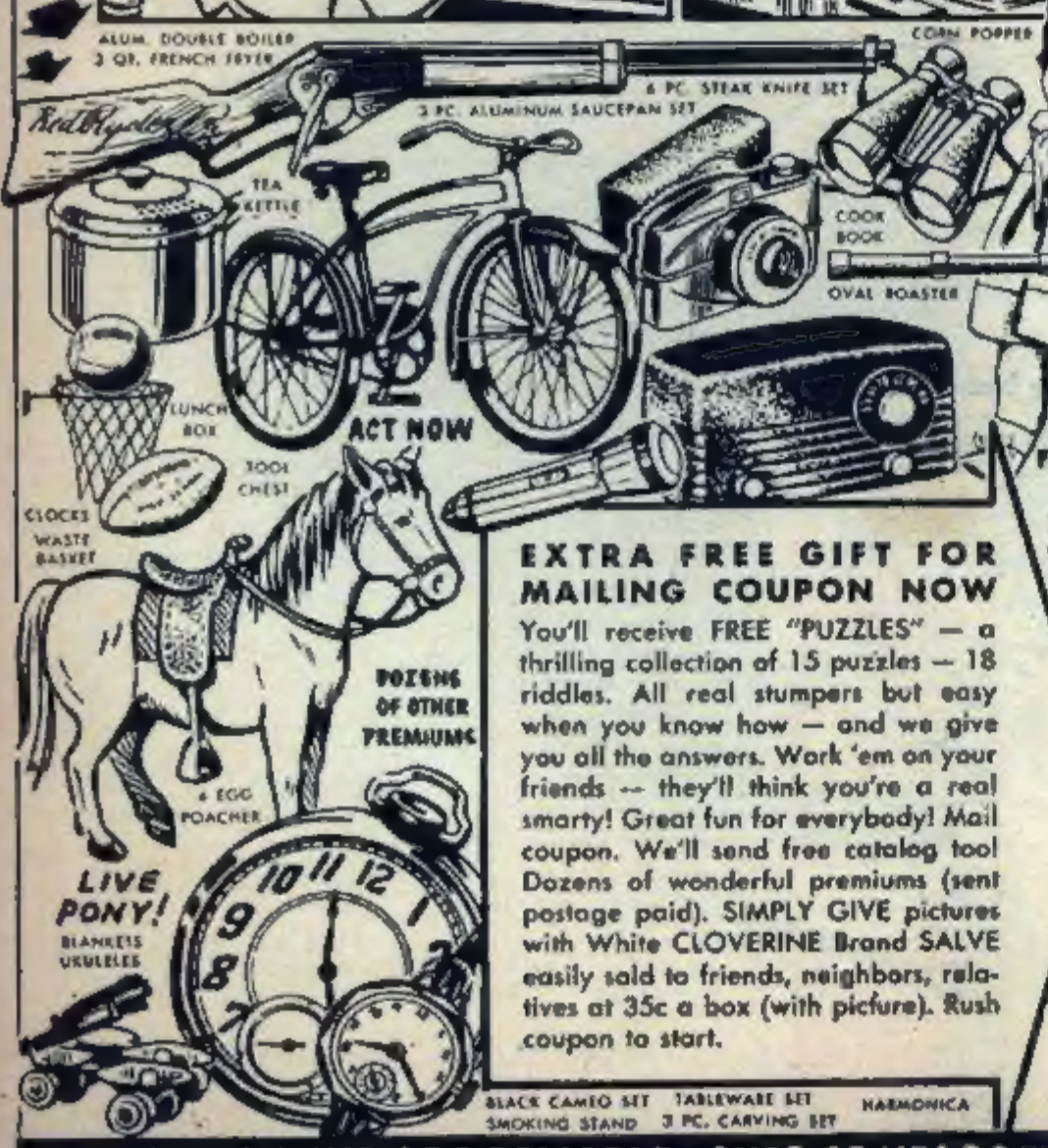

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